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A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

Triſtram Shandy,

GENT.

Serving to elucidate that WORK.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

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By the Author of
YORICK'S MEDITATIONS.

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TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

HANG method! —— 'tis only a reſtraint upon genius; —— had the great *Shakeſpear* been tied down by its rules, he would never have been the man he was.

I ended my laſt volume with a ſermon, and I'll begin this with a ſimile. Let the criticks ſay what they will; there is as much propriety in beginning with a ſimile, as in making a ſimile

when one is ſurpriz'd. —— Then, you know, Sir, that a man that begins is apt to find himſelf at a nonplus, and nonplus and ſurprize are almoſt one and the ſame thing.

Well, but your ſimile, Sir; we're impatient for it; you make us wait for it ſo long, that I ſuppoſe it muſt be good when it comes.

Well, Sir, I'll humour you for this once; —— tho' I think authors ſhould take care how they humour their readers. Sir, you muſt doubtleſs have ſeen a painter's pallet; but as, perhaps, you may not, —— for all men are not connoiſſeurs, —— I'll tell you what it is; — why, Sir, 'tis nothing more than a round board which the painter lays his colours upon.

Now,

Now, Sir, if you are any-thing of an anatomiſt, you muſt know likewiſe what the *placenta* is; but, as it is full as probable that you mayn't know that neither, I muſt be complaiſant enough to explain it to you.

I ſha'nt pretend to explain it by a definition; for a definition, according to the wiſe *Smigleſius*, conſiſts of *genus & differentia*, and 'tis ſo long ſince I left the univerſity, that, as God's my judge, I don't know the meaning of either of the words. —— Well then, Sir, I ſhall endeavour to explain myſelf by a deſcription.

We all know what a deſcription is, and the logicians themſelves acknowlege that *quæ reſpuunt perfectam definitionem, deſcriptione innoteſcere poſſunt.*

You muſt know, Sir, then, that the *placenta* is that bag which contains the *foetus*, and when the umbilical ſtring is cut, and the *foetus* taken from thence, it forms a circle which reſembles a painter's pallet, as much as one egg reſembles another. —— It conſiſts of three different membranes, which I ſhall not here deſcribe, ſince I am writing a hiſtory, and not giving a lecture of anatomy.

To what purpoſe, Sir, is this far-fetch'd compariſon of the *placenta* and a painter's pallet?

Why, Sir, you can't be ignorant that there are ſkilful painters and unſkilful painters; you can't but know alſo, that there are fathers of a robuſt healthy conſtitution, and that there are others of a weak and ſickly frame.

It

It was my misfortune to be born of one of the latter ſort; for you muſt remember; —— or your memory is a very indifferent one, —— that my father was advanced in years, when he begot me; ſo that I was τηλυγενέος, as old *Homer* expreſſes it; that is to ſay, *begotten in my father's old age*; —— Alas! alas! it would have been happy for me, if I could ſay that I was begotten θαλαμῳ ἐνι πολλῃ, which ſignifies in plain *Engliſh*, that *I had been happy if there had been good ſport at my getting.*

But you have ſeen, Sir, in the former part of my hiſtory, that my father waited the winding up of a clock to perform the conjugal duty; and when men go in ſo ſedate a manner about this buſineſs, 'tis never well performed.

Oh, —— that unlucky clock! —— To it I owe all my misfortunes. —— Fancy has a ſtrange power over women in labour, and I am a melancholy inſtance of it.

My caſe, however, is not quite ſo bad as that of a certain *Frenchman*, whoſe mother, when with child of him, went to ſee a man broke upon the wheel: —— Plague take theſe women! they are always gadding, and their gadding never comes to good; —— I wiſh our legiſlature would imitate the policy of the *Chineſe*, who ſo pinch the feet of their women with little ſhoes, that they can ſcarce walk acroſs their chambers. The conſequence of the above-mentioned *French-woman*'s gadding was, that her ſon was born with all his limbs broken, like thoſe of the perſon ſhe had ſeen executed;

cuted; ſo the poor child made its entrance into the world, juſt as *Cartouche* made his exit.

If any critick ſhould call the truth of this ſtory in queſtion, I refer him to that profound philoſopher father *Malbranche*, where he will find much more learned and philoſophical obſervations upon the phænomenon, than I find myſelf able or willing to make.

But, to return from this ill-ſtarr'd child to myſelf, over whoſe birth ſome ill ſtar preſided likewiſe. —— Notwithſtanding all the ſkill of the old woman, with whom the reader has already been acquainted, I was with much difficulty brought into the world, and ſuffered many a diſaſtrous accident, before I was fairly brought out of the *uterus*.

Dr. *Slop* was preſent at my birth, notwithſtanding the promiſe which my father had made my mother; and whilſt the old woman prepared to do her office, he made a prolix and learned harangue upon the nature and concomitant circumſtances of geniture.

He was going to ſupport his opinion by a quotation from *Sannazarius de partu virginis* —— for he was a papiſt, as I have told you already, —— when my uncle *Toby*, who ſtood by, ſmoaking his pipe with great tranquillity, interrupted him, and deſired him not to talk of heathen authors; for that, added he, is ominous; a Chriſtian is upon the point of coming into the world, and your damn'd *Latin* and *Greek* may make ſuch an impreſſion upon his mother, that ſhe may be delivered of a pagan, or, for aught

aught I know, of a papiſt, and that's a thouſand times worſe.

Aye marry is it, —— ſaid corporal *Trim*, ---- who was preſent; ---- I can't endure thoſe wicked papiſhes, ſince I read *Yorick*'s ſermon about the inquiſition; --- Oh, to be ſure he was a ſound divine, and a very good man! ----- He has proved every papiſh to be the Devil himſelf.

For God's ſake, ſaid the old midwife, --- who was a very pious woman, and as good a Chriſtian as the ſkin between her brows, --- don't talk of the Devil, when a Chriſtian child is coming into the world; --- he ſhall, by and by, God willing, be baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt. Let me hear nothing of your papiſts and

your Devils here. ---- We're all good Chriſtians, I truſt in God.

Here an altercation enſued between Dr. *Slop* and the old woman, the former being much ſcandalized that Catholic Chriſtians ſhould be compared to Devils, and the latter maintaining that they were either Devils or hereticks.

My father, however, put an end to the diſpute, and bid the old beldam proceed in her buſineſs.

Accordingly ſhe applied her experienced hands to that part of my mother which *Milton* emphatically calls, *the womb of Nature*, and which, conſidering the various miſchances I have ſuffered in this world, ſhould rather have been my grave, as it has been that of many infants.

infants. *Cæſar* himſelf might have been buried in the womb he came out of, but unluckily for the republic, ſome confounded ſurgeon ript him untimely from his mother's womb; or elſe, perhaps, thoſe great patriots *Brutus* and *Caſſius* might have lived to ſee their children and grand-children inveſted with the conſulſhip.

Here ſome critick interrupts me, and tells me, --- Sir, you make ſuch a rout about your birth, that you muſt certainly think yourſelf a perſon of very great importance. --- I have read two volumes of your life, and I find you are not born yet. --- At this rate, I am afraid you'll never be born.

Not quite ſo faſt, Sir, --- *Rome* was not built in a day; ----- I take it for granted

granted you underſtand *Latin*, ſo I ſhall upon this occaſion, cite the following line of *Virgil:*

Tanta molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

Let me tell you, Sir, the birth of a man-child, ----- or even of a woman-child, ---- I ſhould ſay a female-child, or a girl, --- for female-child, and girl is all one, --- is a thing of more importance than you are aware of; though, undoubtedly, you muſt have been born yourſelf: --- For, ſure I am, that criticks ſeldom come into the world out of their own heads.

Certainly, Sir, you could not have come into the world out of your own head, no more than I. --- To deal plainly, I came into the world juſt as other men

men do; --- the old woman dextrouſly took me by the head, and was juſt going to bring me into this ſtrange unaccountable world, when unluckily, the clock, which I have already mentioned, was wound up by one of the ſervants.

I ſhall hate the fellow as long as I live; for he was, though innocently, the cauſe of all my misfortunes.

My mother, hearing the clock wound up, gave a ſudden ſtart, and cry'd out, *Once more, my dear.* --- The old woman was juſt performing her office, but this loco-motive trick of my mother had ſuch an effect, that my whole ſyſtem was diſcompoſed; and, in ſome countries it would have been made a queſtion, whether I ſhould have been chriſtened as a man, or thrown into the ſea,

as a monſtrous birth, or *luſus Naturae.*

Thoſe that underſtand oſteology, may perhaps be able to account from hence, for my being born with my neck awry, and with bandy legs ——— Add to this an envious mountain on my back, ——— where fat deformity to mock my body; ---- though, to tell the plain truth, it was ſo badly put together that there was no occaſion for a hump, to make it more ridiculous.

Well, ——— thus I came at laſt into the world; and no ſooner was I entered into this vale of miſery, but my father took me in his arms, ---- and ---- ſhedding a flood of tears, ---- cried out ---- Alas! ---- poor *Triſtram*; ---- thou art born at laſt! ---- but the figure thou

makeſt

makeſt at preſent, is ſo bad, that ---- I fear --- thou wilt make but a ſorry figure all thy life.

Here corporal *Trim* interrupted him, and ſaid, ——— The child, Sir, is a good likely child; --- tho'f he's not quite ſo well-ſhaped as I could wiſh; ---- but, I'll warrant, --- when he comes to be a man, he'll ſtand fire as well as the talleſt ſoldier in the *French* guards.

Here my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, --- and broke it, ---- in a tranſport of joy. ——— Then, clapping corporal *Trim* on the ſhoulder, --- My Lad, ſays he, you have propheſied, ---- the child will do very well; ---- I'll ſtand godfather for him, ---- and, I'll warrant, ---- he'll never want a godmother.

Then

Then he very gravely took up another pipe, ——— and, --- after lighting it, ——— Who knows, --- ſaid he, ---- but *Triſtram* may at laſt come to be a generaliſſimo.

Triſtram! --- ſaid my father, ——— ſtarting back with horror, --- I'd as lief you ſhould call him the Devil, as *Triſtram.*

Why, --- brother, ---- ſays my uncle *Toby*, --- you called him ſo yourſelf, --- when you took him in your arms, and conſequently his name muſt be *Triſtram.*

What! ---- ſays my father, --- Did I call him *Triſtram?*

An't pleaſe your honour, ---ſaid corporal *Trim*, --- you did.

Oh!

Oh! if I called him *Triſtram* ——— ſaid my father, --- he muſt go by that name; ——— tho' I hate that name above all others; —— but there muſt be ſome fa ality in giving names, ---- and ſo *Triſtram* he ſhall be. ——— He ſhall be chriſtened by that name, --- though *Triſtram* ſeems to me to forebode misfortunes.

Here my uncle *Toby* interpoſed, and ſaid, ——— *Triſtram* may be as good a name as any other, ——— for aught I now.

Brother, replied my father, ——— for my father, --- as I have told you already, --- was a ſcholar; ——— You are a military man, ---- and you don't know the nature of theſe things. —— *Triſtram* comes from *triſtis*; and *triſtis*

in *Latin*, —— a language which, ——— I believe, --- you have no knowledge of, ——— ſignifies *ſad*. —— A ſad name muſt be ominous ; --- and ſo, I'm afraid my poor ſon will lead but a ſad life. --- But I inadvertently called him *Triſtram*, and *Triſtram* muſt be his name.

Don't be caſt down, Sir, —— ſaid corporal *Trim*, ---- I'll warrant the name of *Triſtram* will make as great a noiſe in the world as a better.

Aye, —— there you're right, ——— ſaid my uncle ; ------ A man's neither better or worſe for his name, though he may be the worſe for a bad reputation.

Thus they continued prating, juſt at the time that I enter'd this diſaſtrous world ;

world; and, during their whole converſation, I cried *Ah, ah.*

Sir, perhaps, you may underſtand *Greek*; ---- but, --- if you do not, — I muſt beg leave to inform you, ——— that *Greek* is the original language, and not *Hebrew.* — Let them talk what they will of *Hebrew*, I'll venture to ſay, that there is not a *Jew* in *Europe*, no nor in *Aſia* neither, Sir, that underſtands it. — The univerſal language is *Greek*, the *New Teſtament* was wrote in it, and ſo was the *Septuagint* too.

Well, but, — good Mr. *Shandy*, ---- Pray how can you prove that *Greek* is the original language?

I'll prove it directly, Sir.

The firſt letter of the *Greek* alphabet is *alpha*, A; and the laſt letter of the *Greek* alphabet is *omega*, O. ——— Now this I'll maintain to be the univerſal language; for, can any-thing be more natural, than for a child juſt coming into the world, when it feels the preſſure of the cold circumambient air, to cry out, Ah? — or can any-thing be more natural than for a man juſt upon the point of quitting this earthly planet, when he finds the pangs of death coming upon him, to cry out, O? ——— So that *Greek* muſt be the original language, ſince men begin and end their lives with the firſt and laſt letter of it.

But, to return from this digreſſion; ——— No ſooner did my eyes open, but I began to ſquall. ——— Oh! ----- ſays

ſays my father, ---- his name muſt be *Triſtram*, --- for he comes ſqualling into the world.

Here my uncle *Toby*, --- with a great deal of philoſophical compoſure, ---- took his pipe out of his mouth; and, ——— very judiciouſly, ——— remarked, ——— That if, to come ſqualling into the world, was a reaſon to be called *Triſtram*, ——— *Triſtram* might be a common name to all men.

I remember, ſays he, ——— filling his pipe, ——— I read in *Lilly's Grammar*, a long time ſince, ---- for 'tis a great while ſince I was at the grammar ſchool, ——— *domus* a houſe, *bonitas* goodneſs, and *homo* is a name proper to all men.

'Pſhaw, ---- crys my father, --- don't pretend to talk *Latin*, --- you know nothing at all of the matter; ——— talk of the ſiege of *Namur*.

No ſooner did my uncle hear of the ſiege of *Namur*, but he mounted upon his HOBBY HORSE, and told a long ſtory of a ſally which was made upon him by all the waſher-women in the town.

I commanded a body of brave fellows, — ſaid he, — and, — would you think it, — brother, — as ſoon as theſe damn'd b---h-s came out upon them, they look'd like ſo many mice. ---- As God's my judge, ---- I'd rather have march'd up to the mouth of a cannon.

Here

Here my father bounc'd off his chair, and — loſing all patience, ---- brother, ſays he, — you muſt be a downright fool; —— What! — do you pretend to tell me that waſher-women ever made a ſally out of a beſieged town? —— Perhaps, --- brother, — I underſtand theſe things as well as yourſelf. — I have heard, and read, of the *Amazons*, but your waſher-women appear to me a thouſand times more fabulous.

This blunt declaration brought all my uncle *Toby*'s blood into his face.

Brother, ---- ſaid he, — in a paſſion, --- you know nothing at all of the art of war; ---- you don't know even the theory of it. ---- I'll warrant now you don't know, that when *Paris* was beſieged, the inhabitants lived upon ſoups

made of dead mens bones; --- and that --- when *Sancerre* was beſieged by the papiſts, the inhabitants lived little better. — Brother, --- you are a natural philoſopher; — and, —— conſequently, --- can't ſo well underſtand what relates to military affairs.

Here my father, —— ſeeing my uncle *Toby*'s paſſions irritated, ---- declared, that he did not pretend to be a judge in thoſe affairs; ---- but, ---- all this time, — ſaid he, — we forget the child.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

HORACE, who ſhould certainly be conſider'd as a model for all of us facetious authors begins his epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, by telling him, that he intends to make it a very ſhort one; ---- But the claſſical reader cannot be ignorant that he did not keep his promiſe.

My firſt chapter was a very long one; and — indeed, —- there is good reaſon, why it ſhould have been ſo; ſince it treats of a ſubject of ſo much importance as the birth of *Triſtram Shandy*; ——— but, to compenſate for it, I'll promiſe the reader, that this chapter ſhall be the ſhorteſt in my whole book: And, ---- to ſhew him that

that I keep my word better than *Horace*, ——— I ſhall conclude it by telling the reader, who undoubtedly remembers, that I had like to be forgotten during a converſation which has been above recited, ---- that my father reſolved I ſhould be taken proper care of; ---- What the reſult of this care was, the reader will ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

THE inhabitants of the banks of the river *Oronooko*, by compreſſing the ſides of their childrens ſkulls with boards, reduce them almoſt to a ſtate of idiotiſm during their lives; which, as the renowned philoſopher of *Geneva*, *John James Rouſſeau*, has juſtly obſerved,

obſerved, may be looked upon as an act of humanity, as it prevents the children from feeling the full weight of thoſe miſeries which they afterwards meet with in the world.

Rouſſeau muſt be in the right: ----- This thought was doubtleſs ſuggeſted to theſe ſavages, by ſome benevolent being ſtruck with compaſſion for the ſufferings of unhappy mortals. — But, — ſurely, that was not a benevolent being, who ſuggeſted to negro women, the thought of carrying their children upon their backs: — A practice which has been as fatal to the noſes of blacks, as ever the p--x was to the noſes of good Chriſtians. — I have reaſon to declaim againſt this practice; --- ſince I owe one of my many deformities to it.

A girl

A girl to whoſe care I was often entruſted, frequently carried me in this manner; --- and thus were the tender cartilages of my infantine noſe compreſſed to ſuch a degree, that, --- if I had not been endued with a great deal of natural aſſurance, ---- I ſhould have been aſhamed ever to ſhew it in good company.

Lord! ----- cries ſome critick, ——— What importance is your noſe of, or your perſon either? ---- 'Tis undoubtedly very intereſting to readers to know that *Triſtram Shandy*, Gent. was flat-nos'd, and hump-back'd.

With your leave, Sir, theſe particulars are of more importance than you are aware of.

Has

Has not *Plutarch* himſelf obſerved, that the characters of men are beſt learned from circumſtances ſeemingly trifling? --- This, Sir, was *Plutarch*'s obſervation; and that 'tis true, is as plain as the noſe in your face: ---- For, if I was to meet you with an abridg'd noſe, ſhould not I have ſome reaſon to think you a whore-maſter?

But, to quit this digreſſion, and return to my infancy. ---- All men return to their infancy when they grow old; and here, --- 'tis very probable, --- you may deſire me to take care, how I doat in relating the hiſtory of my own life.

Have a care, Sir, ---- you yourſelf may grow as old as I am, without walking backwards, like a crab.

You may deſpiſe my infancy as much as you pleaſe; but you ſhould take into your ſerious conſideration the full import of a ſage obſervation, which you may very probably have read in *Clark*'s Exerciſes, *Gigantes quondam infantes fuere.*

This remark, Sir, — tho' you, --- puffed up with critical pride — may, perhaps, deſpiſe it, — contains in it the quinteſſence of the moſt profound philoſophy, and may help to give you a juſt idea of the *prima principia*; of which, according to authors, wiſer than either you or I, every body in the univerſe is compoſed.

The profound Dr. *Clark* himſelf has juſtly obſerved, that every plant, vegetable, and living body, contains at its birth,

birth, the principles of the whole maſs in which 'tis afterwards develop'd; --- a doctrine which has, by ſome, been thought to lead to predeſtination, ----- but, *a propos* --- as we ſay in *France* --- for I have been in *France*, Sir, ---- as you will ſee, — if you read my hiſtory through; — and if you don't, 'twill be ſo much the worſe for you. — Since predeſtination has fallen in my way, I muſt give you my thoughts upon it.

The ſubject is important, and a diſſertation upon it ſeems to come in more properly here than any where elſe. ---- For when can I treat with more propriety of predeſtination, than when I relate the hiſtory of my birth. — I'll at the ſame time give you my opinion, as well as that of the great *Cardan*, upon judicial aſtrology.

But,

But, ---- Sir, --- for all theſe particulars, you muſt reſpite your impatience, till I have wrote another chapter; for an accident, which doubtleſs often happens to yourſelf, obliges me to put an end to this.

You very likely want to know what accident. --- perhaps, Sir, I may gratify you hereafter.

CHAP. IV.

READ this chapter with great attention; for it treats of the moſt obſcure and myſterious things in nature: --- And if, when you have read it, you don't know more of them than you do at preſent, I'll promiſe that you ſhall not underſtand them worſe than you do

at

at preſent; --- and that is more than every writer upon the abſtruſe ſciences can promiſe.

I ſhall ſoon give you my hypotheſis concerning predeſtination, but firſt I muſt proceed with my hiſtory, which has ſtood ſtill for a good while.

My father had always in ſecret attached himſelf to judicial aſtrology, --- I ſay in ſecret, --- for he did not care to own it publickly, for fear of being ridicul'd in this ſceptical age; --- but he made aſtrology his ſtudy, and that with ſuch ſucceſs, that his knowledge equalled that of any of the family of the *Conundrums*.

So he calculated my nativity, and could not help weeping when he ſaw

that he (or rather my mother) had brought forth a ſon predeſtin'd to ſo many miſadventures.

He herein gave a greater proof of his ſkill than *Cardan* did. --- This *Cardan*, Sir, was a very extraordinary man; he calculated the nativity of our Saviour many years after he was born, and diſcovered by the aſpect of the planets, that he was born to preach a religion that ſhould be embraced all over the world.

You'll ſay, perhaps, it required no great ſkill to propheſy this after the event; but, --- ſurely, my father's muſt have been very extraordinary, to foretel what fate I was born to, when I was yet a child.

I don't

I don't doubt but ſome ſceptic may interrupt me here, with, What! *Triſtram Shandy* ſuperſtitious! I never knew that before.

Sir, you may act the *eſprit fort* as much as you pleaſe;--- but the ſtory of *Thraſyllus*, --- of *Ozanam's Roſycruſian*, and many other ſtories, --- equally well atteſted, --- ſufficiently evince the truth of this ſcience.

Why you ſhould call it in queſtion, I can't conceive; --- every body knows what vaſt influence the moon has over the affairs of this world; and what reaſon can be given, why the ſtars ſhould have none?

But, Sir, I can produce authorities in favour of this ſcience. ---The great *Tycho*

Brahe believed in it; --- nay, he went further: --- he even believed in presages. --- Whenever he met an old woman, he returned directly to his lodgings, and shut himself up for the whole day.

This, you'll say, was superstition. --- Well, Sir, —— say what you please; --- but I make it a question, whether you, or any man else, knows what the word superstition means. --- Read *Plutarch*'s treatise upon it; and you'll find --- he knew no more of the matter than a fool.

But to return to the aspect of the planets at my birth; ---- the crab was ascending, and this I take to be the reason, why my affairs have always gone backward.

My

My father has often told me with a ſigh; --- Son, you were born under an unhappy conſtellation; ---- the crab aſcended at your birth, and the tail of the ſcorpion look'd more diſmally than uſual.

I'll warrant by this time the reader begins to look upon me as a fool, or a madman; but that excellent biographer *Guſman D' Alfrache* formerly fell under the ſame cenſure. *Tonto o necio* was the title he at firſt receiv'd from all the wits of *Spain*, but his book buoy'd up, notwithſtanding; --- Aye, and I'll warrant ſo will mine, --- It bids fair for being a book for a parlour window, --- Does it not? ---- though all the ſcriblers in town may pelt it, as the mob pelt a man in the pillory.

Pelt away, criticks, --- Reviewers, review it on every ſide, and be ſure to put the worſt conſtruction upon every word of it. --- I'll anſwer for it, 'twill live when your reviews ſhall be viewed no longer.

But this is a digreſſion; --- 'tis very true, Sir; --- ſo I'll return to my ſubject. --- 'Twas judicial aſtrology, or predeſtination, --- faith I can't tell which; but 'tis no great matter, for they are almoſt the ſame thing; one is full as clear as the other.

If, a thouſand years before I came into the world, it was determined that my name ſhould be *Triſtram*, can any thing be more probable than that the aſpect of the ſtars at that time, was a neceſſary forerunner of their aſpect at the time of my birth? Was

Was there ever ſuch a blockhead! --- cries ſome critick, --- throwing down the book, --- he prates of predeſtination and aſtrology; but, --- if there was any truth in either, --- he would have been hanged twenty years ago.

Sir, I thank you for the compliment; but, --- though others, beſides yourſelf, have made the ſame prediction concerning me, --- none of the *Shandy* family ever made their exit at *Tyburn*.

Dii meliora piis.

Tho' I'm no great herald, I can poſitively aſſert, that there's no ſuch blot in our eſcutcheon.

CHAP. V.

I Shall say no more of predeſtination or aſtrology; --- I have ſaid enough upon thoſe ſubjects in my laſt chapter, I muſt continue the hiſtory of my childhood, for I was then a child, as you Mr. Critick, and every man elſe muſt have been, before you could arrive at manhood.

Well, Sir, I'll go on with the hiſtory of my childhood.

My father one night held me upon his knee, and with all the complacency of a parent, contemplated me with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, notwithſtanding all my natural deformity.

Corporal

Corporal *Trim*, --- obſerving this, --- ſaid, ---- Your honour, pardon me, --- but the child's head is diametrically upon his left ſhoulder.

Here my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, and broke it in a violent paſſion. --- How, --- ſaid he, --- can the child's head be diametrically upon his left ſhoulder? --- you make uſe of terms that you don't at all underſtand.

I aſk your honour's pardon, --- anſwered corporal *Trim*, --- but I thought that any thing that's awry may be ſaid to be diametrical.

'Tis the very reverſe, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, things that are diametrical are always oppoſed to each other in a right line. I re-

---I remember, when I was at the ſiege of *Ypres*, in *Flanders*, an impertinent gunner ſaid to me, ---- Sir, ---- the enemy has planted a battery diametrically aſide of us. ---- Why, you block-head, ---- ſaid I, ---- if the battery be planted aſide of us, it can't be diametrical. --- So we maintain'd our ground; and, --- though the aforeſaid diametrical battery kept a conſtant fire upon us, --- we came off with the loſs of two men only.

Here my father interpoſed. ---- Brother, ---- ſaid he, ---- I am not deeply verſed in the mathematics, --- but --- I believe, --- tho' my child's head ſhould be, --- as corporal *Trim* ſays, --- diametrically upon his left ſhoulder, ---- he'll not prove to be a wrong-head, when he comes to be a man.

No,

No, --- pleaſe your honour, --- ſaid corporal *Trim*, —— he can't prove a wrong-head, coming from parents of ſo much good learning.

There thou haſt ſaid it; --- ſaid a clergyman who ſtood by;

Qui viret in foliis venit ab radicibus humor,
Et patrum in natos abeunt cum ſemine mo-
res.

With the character of this clergyman the reader ſhall afterwards be made better acquainted.

Here ſome critick interpoſes, with a

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hi-
atu?

Sir,

Sir, --- I muſt beg leave to dwell upon the circumſtances of my childhood, for my childhood was of much greater importance to me, than the exploits of *Alexander* or *Caeſar*, with which I have, in my youth, been much more converſant than I deſired.

Here, Sir, I ſhall conclude this chapter, ---- but I muſt give you to underſtand, --- that, for the next

Magnum quodcunque paravi
Quid ſit adhuc dubito.

Don't ſhut the book, Sir; --- but turn over a new leaf, and you'll find ſomething ---- that will recompenſe your trouble.

CHAP.

CHAP VI.

WELL, Sir, —— I promiſed you ſomething great in my laſt chapter, and ſomething great you ſhall have in this.

You muſt know, Sir, --- that --- one night after ſupper, --- the converſation between my father and my uncle *Toby*, turning upon my education.---Lord --- ſaid my father, --- what muſt this ſon of mine be bred to ? --- I'm afraid he'll never make a great man, whatever education we beſtow upon him.

Here my uncle *Toby* ſtarted up, and made a ſpeech which deſerves to be written in letters of gold. --- But, --- before you

you hear his ſpeech, give him leave to gather up the fragments of his pipe, --- which he had broken in his tranſport.

My uncle *Toby*, taking up a piece of the broken tube which he had thrown down in a paſſion, and uſing it inſtead of a tobacco-ſtopper, after having filled another pipe, ——— Brother, ſaid he, make your ſon a ſoldier; —— and, I'll anſwer for him, he'll be a great man.

A ſoldier! —— ſaid my father, —— ſtarting from his chair, —— Read over the articles of war, ---- and you will be convinced, that I might as well expoſe him as the old *Romans* uſed to expoſe their children, as put him into the army.

Well,

Well, ---- ſaid my uncle *Toby*, —— make a ſailor of him : --- he may ſerve his country as well by ſea as by land.

A ſailor ! --- anſwered my father, --- worſe and worſe ; --- What ! --- you'd have me make a —— of him ?—— No, no, --- my boy ſhall never ſerve either by ſea or land ; --- he ſhall ſtay at home. He ſhall be educated a ſcholar, --- and, perhaps, he may in time come to be a Member of the Royal Society ; when he has learned to read, I'll ſend him to a ſchool ; and when he has got as much learning as he can get at a ſchool, I'll ſend him to *Cambridge*.

Cambridge ! —— ſaid my uncle *Toby*, Why, —— you may as well bury him alive ; --- a college is the worſt place in the world to educate a young gentleman.

The

The army is the only ſchool. --- Get him taught fortification; and then ſend him over to the duke of *Marlborough*: I'll warrant he'll learn more from him in one campaign, than he could in ten years at a hum-drum univerſity.

This lively expoſtulation provoked my father; who, having been educated at an univerſity himſelf, thought it a ſort of blaſphemy to cenſure thoſe uſeful ſeminaries of learning. —— So he meditated for a while, and then, —— riſing up, like the *Pylian* ſage, --- made a long harangue in vindication of univerſities.

Honey, ---- indeed, --- did not drop from his lips, ---as it did from thoſe of *Neſtor*, --- but all his arguments were unanſwerable; --- and, --- ſo well were his

his ſyllogiſms conſtructed, — that no profeſſor could have objected to them, with a *quo vitio laborat.*

This harangue, — in defence of what many readers may, — perhaps, — not without reaſon, — think to want a defence, — appears to me of ſo much importance, — that I muſt defer it to the next chapter; in which I ſhall lay before the reader, the ſentiments of the greateſt antient and modern philoſophers upon univerſities.

CHAP. VII.

THE reader muſt undoubtedly perceive, from ſome hints dropt in the laſt chapter, that the important ſubject of my education was in queſtion.

Education, —— to be ſure, —— is an important ſubject; ——— tho' parents, ſchoolmaſters, tutors, *&c.* —— ſeem to think it the eaſieſt thing in the world.

My father declared for a ſchool, and a univerſity; —— whereupon my uncle *Toby* ſhook his head, —— and looked more ſerious than uſual.

Pray, —— ſaid my father, —— Why does care thus overcaſt your brow? — I have not ſeen you look ſo grave this long time.

Why, —— to deal plainly with you, —— ſaid my uncle *Toby*, —— taking his pipe out of his mouth, —— for he always took his pipe out of his mouth before he ſpoke, —— I look grave, becauſe I ſee you are bent upon the ruin of your ſon. Why

Why, —— ſchools and colleges will never make a man of him: —— The army is the only ſchool, where he can ever come to any-thing. —— Rot your univerſities; —— many a young man, by being bred there, has lived and died a curate; when, —— had he been made a ſoldier, —— he might, —— in time, have come to be a generaliſſimo.

Brother, —— ſaid my father, —— you ſeem intirely to overlook the mind; but, —— let me tell you, —— that the mind, without the *cathedra* of learning, will always be a *tabula raſa*: —— for, —— let *Locke* ſay what he will, —— I don't believe his doctrine of innate ideas.

Neat ideas! —— ſaid corporal *Trim*, —— I don't know what neat ideas are; but I can't help thinking that learning

is a very neceſſary qualification for a gentleman.

Why, —— there you're right, —— ſaid my uncle *Toby*, —— but where can a gentleman be better inſtructed, than in the army? —— Muſt not an officer underſtand fortification and diſcipline? —— And are not they the greateſt ſciences in the world? —— Then, —— brother, —— he muſt be a compleat mathematician; —— and mathematics are the ſcience, *ſine qua non*.

Mathematics, —— anſwer'd my father, —— are very uſeful; —— I don't deny that. —— But natural philoſophy, —— brother, —— Where can an officer learn that? —— And then, —— as for logick and moral philoſophy, —— where are they to be learned, but at an uni-

univerſity? —— I'll maintain it, that he that knows nothing of the *ten Categories* of *Ariſtotle*, —— and the *ſcala prædicamentalis*, —— and that can't make a ſyllogiſm in *Baroco*, or *Baralipton*, — is an ignorant man, —— if he had ſeen as many battles and ſieges as the duke of *Marlborough* himſelf.

Here, my uncle *Toby* loſt all patience. —— He ſtarted from his chair, --- and looked like a man thunder-ſtruck.

'Tis downright blaſphemy! —— ſaid he, —— as ſoon as he could ſpeak, —— for paſſion, for ſome time, obſtructed his utterance. ——— 'Tis downright blaſphemy to ſpeak of the duke of *Marlborough* with ſuch diſreſpect. —— Why the duke of *Marlborough* was a greater man than *Scanderbeg*, or *Julius Cæſar*, or

Alexander the Great, or any of the antients. —— The duke of *Marlborough* never laid ſiege to a town without taking it, —— and never fought a battle without gaining the victory. —— I'll maintain it, that no *Engliſhman* ſhould mention his name, without taking his hat off.

Here, my father, —— ſeeing my uncle's paſſion raiſed, —— anſwered calmly, —— I don't pretend to call the duke of *Marborough*'s merits, —— as a general, —— in queſtion; ——— but, I make it a doubt, —— whether he ever read *Polybius*, —— or could give any account of the operations of *Hannibal*'s army, during the three *Punic* wars.

What's all that to the purpoſe? —— ſaid my uncle, —— he could give a very good

good account of many military operations in *Flanders*, and upon the *Rhine*; and that's of more conſequence than all the exploits of *Cannibal*, and *Scanderbeg*, and ſuch outlandiſh fellows.

Brother, —— continued my uncle, I'll tell you a ſtory of an officer in the *Low Countries*; —— and that, —— perhaps, —— will bring you over to my opinion.

Hereupon my father looked earneſt, —— and attentive; —— and my uncle began: —— but, —— before he begins, — I muſt begin another chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

MY uncle *Toby*, —— having put himſelf into an attitude, which ſeemed to promiſe ſomething of great importance, —— was juſt beginning to tell his ſtory, —— when I was, all on a ſudden, ſeized with a fit.

We are liable to many fits, from the time we come into this world, till we go out of it.

The old midwife being called in, gave orders that I ſhould be put to bed that inſtant; ——— Put to bed! —— ſaid Dr. *Slop*, —— No, —— let the child ſtay where he is; —— I'll preſcribe him ſomething that will ſoon cure him of his fit;

fit; —— ſo he applied a vial to my mouth, and after I had ſwallowed a few drops of the medicinal preparation contained in it, every ſymptom of the fit immediately vaniſhed.

My father was highly delighted at ſeeing me recover from my fit; —— and, —— clapping Dr. *Slop* upon the back, ——cried out in an exſtaſy, —— You're the very man.

I would fain prove ſo, —— anſwered the Doctor; —— but, —— gentlemen, don't let me interrupt your converſation.

Interrupt, —— ſaid my uncle *Toby*, —— why I have quite forgot what I was going to ſay; —— I was going to tell you a ſtory, which would have proved

to

to a demonſtration, —— that the army is a better ſchool than any univerſity in *Europe*; ——— but now I have quite forgot it.

Well, well, ——— ſaid my father, you may recollect it another time, —— but, —— let you ſay what you will, — knowledge is to be acquired only in an univerſity. —— The *litterae humaniores* can never be learnt in a field of battle; —— you know,—— brother,—— that *inter arma ſilent leges*; —— and if laws are put to ſilence by the din of battle, what muſt become of the muſes?

Give me leave to tell you, ——— brother,—— ſaid my uncle *Toby*, —— that a gentleman may become a ſcholar in the army, as well as in any college in *Oxford*.

I re-

I remember lieutenant *Forelingers*, in our regiment, always carried *Homer's AEneid* about him; —— and I'm ſure he never was at an univerſity in his life.

Brother, —— you lie under a miſtake, —— ſaid my father, —— *Homer* did not write the *AEneid*; — you ſhould either have ſaid, *Virgil's AEneid*, or *Homer's Iliad*.

Oh, —— ſaid my uncle *Toby*, —— I'm not book-learned; —— but, —— depend upon it, —— your ſon *Triſtram* will never be a great man, except you make a ſoldier of him.

A great man! —— ſaid my father, ——Why, I don't intend him for a great man. ——— I intend him for a philoſopher like myſelf.

And

And where is he likely to become a philoſopher, except at ſchool and college? —— Where elſe can he come to underſtand the true meaning of the *Entelechia* of *Ariſtotle?* —— Where elſe can he learn

Curvo dignoſcere rectum.

Brother, —— you may talk of your baſtions, and your covered ways, as much as you will, —— but my ſon was born to be a ſcholar, —— and a ſcholar he muſt be.

Here my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, —— and, —— with an unuſual ſedateneſs, —— anſwered, —— Why, if he muſt, he muſt.

His remark was very juſt; ——— Who can controul his fate? —— The thing's impracticable: —— So here this chapter muſt end; —— for it is fated not to contain one paragraph more.

CHAP. IX.

AS I informed the reader in my laſt chapter, the important ſubject of my education —— Important! ——— cries Mr. Critick, —— Sir, if you are not in jeſt, let me tell you, you are a great *egotiſt*; —— and, —— to deal plainly with you, —— you have not diſcovered your importance in your firſt two volumes,

A truce, —— Mr. Critick, —— in time, you'll know me better; —— and if

if you don't, — it will be ſo much the worſe for you ; —— however ——you may probably never know me to the bottom,

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

But to proceed, —— for I have ſomething elſe to do than to anſwer all your impertinent objections, —— it was at laſt reſolved that I ſhould be ſent to a ſchool; —— but, —— if your memory be a good one, —— you muſt be ſenſible that this reſolution could not have paſſed *Nemine con.* —— and, —— for my part, ----- I have often wiſhed, that it had never paſſed at all.

This world has been called the ſchool of miſery, by a very fine writer ------ and,

and, if there be any thing in his aſſertion, ----- as I am inclined to think, --- a grammar-ſchool is very like the world. ----- To ſend a child to a grammar-ſchool, is like ſending a man to *Newgate:* ——— tho', --- upon ſecond thoughts, ----- I take the caſe of the priſoner to be the moſt ſupportable of the two.

A man in *Newgate*, ——— generally ſpeaking, ----- wiſhes himſelf out of it; and, pray, Sir, ----- did you ever know a ſchool-boy like to ſtay in ſchool?

Beſides the ordinary objections that might be made to a ſchool, ----- I had my particular reaſons to diſlike it. ----- The reader has already received an exact deſcription of my limbs, and conformation of body; ----- from whence he

he may infer, —— without being a conjurer, —— that I muſt have been liable to ſome accidents, to which all ſchool-boys are expoſed, when ſurpaſſed in ſtrength by their companions.

This was my fate; —— I became ſo accuſtomed to receive kicks and cuffs, that I from thence received an epithet; or, as ſchool-boys phraſe it, a nick name. —— 'Tis proper I ſhould ſpeak in the ſchool-boy's ſtile, ſince I am ſtill among them.

But, —— Sir, —— let's know your nick name, —— probably it may make as great a noiſe in the world, as your real name.

Why, then, Sir, —— ſince you will have it, —— I was called the *Foot-ball* of

of the ſchool. But, though I often felt the feet of my companions, I ſometimes felt their hands likewiſe; and, in time, they ſeemed to think I was made for nothing but to ſtand butt to their blows; I have known them often put on their gloves to ſtrike me.

Let us ſtop a while to make a few ſerious reflections upon the humanity of men, which they thus diſcover, even in their childhood.

The diſcipline I have received has often put me in mind of thoſe words in the *Metamorphoſis*, when, ſpeaking of the extraordinary manner, in which men were re-produced after the flood he adds,

Documentaque damus qua ſimus origine nati.

And, —— indeed, —— in the courſe of my adventures, I have often found reaſon to exclaim, —— Oh! you are men of ſtone; —— for my youth, both at ſchool, college, and elſewhere, has often ſuffered moſt diſaſtrous chances; and though, —— in the courſe of my travels, —— I never ſaw any of the *anthropophagi*, —— or men whoſe heads grow beneath their ſhoulders, —— yet I have paſſed through many adventures that would make a general-officer quake.

Here ſome of the malignant and cenſorious, —— for there are malignant and cenſorious perſons amongſt authors and

and criticks, —— may, very probably, interpret what I ſay, as cenſuring general officers as cowards; —— but, —— let them ſay what they will, —— I had no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

CHAP. X.

THOUGH a ſchool may, perhaps, be thought by ſome to be a ſubject of but little importance, —— it will very well bear another chapter. —— If we may believe the learned *Baxter*, we are all ſchool-boys in this world, —— and are from hence to be removed to ſome univerſity, but what that univerſity is, the Lord of *Oxford* knows.

I have already mentioned the treatment I received from the ſchool-boys,

of which, —— when I complained to my uncle *Toby*, —— he, — with great gravity, — replied, —— I am very glad to hear it; —— perhaps, boy, — you may by this means learn the art of war, —— and come to be a ſoldier.

Such was my uncle *Toby*'s remark; — from hence it ſhould ſeem that paſſive courage is the foundation of active.

But, —— to return to ſchool, —— I one day received there ſuch a drubbing, —— that my father thought it adviſeable to remove me to another ſchool. —— But the conſequence of this was, —— that I fell out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Proverbs always convey much inſtruction, —— for which reaſon, —— I ſhall,

ſhall, —— in imitation of the laudable example of *Sancho Pancha*, ——— who, —— perhaps, —— was a wiſer man than he is generally thought, —— ſtring together as many as are furniſhed me by the ſtore-houſe of my memory; —— but, —— as this ſtore-houſe is not quite ſo well ſupplied at the preſent writing, — — as I would to heaven it were, ——— I ſhall here put an end to this chapter, —— and pauſe for matter to fill another.

CHAP. XI.

IN my laſt chapter I promiſed to deal plentifully in proverbs; ——— ſo, —— leſt the criticks ſhould ſay I am not a man of my word, ——— I ſhall begin this with a proverb.

When the age is in the wit will be out. ——— For my part, I find it by experience, —— for I muſt omit many intereſting particulars concerning the time I paſſed at ſchool, ——— for this plain reaſon, *viz.* —— becauſe I cannot recollect them. —— Remembrance and recollection are near allied, and wit may perhaps, be of akin to both.

However, — I ſhall not detain you to adjuſt the degrees of their relationſhip, but return to my dear ſelf, ——— the only ſubject from which I am unwilling to digreſs.

Notwithſtanding all the difficulties I had to ſtruggle with, I made a great progreſs in learning, —— and may ſay, without vanity, —— that I was a better ſcholar than any of my fellows, which, perhaps

perhaps, was one reaſon for their averſion to me. ——— My father received great ſatisfaction from hence; ——— however it gave riſe to ſome apprehenſions for me; —— and I have known him often, —— whilſt my uncle *Toby* ſat oppoſite to him, —— ſmoaking his pipe, —— ſhake his head, and ſay with an affected air, —— So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay, never live long.

However, —— his prophecy was not fulfilled, —— for I have lived to bury all my relations, and to experience what was utter'd as a curſe by one of the antients, *ultimus ſuorum moriatur.*

Many other prophecies concerning me have likewiſe failed to take effect; —— it has been propheſied by ſome, — who are not my well-wiſhers, ——

that I was born to be hang'd, —— but luckily, ——— they proved lying prophets likewiſe.

I'll venture to propheſy, — ſays ſome critick, —— that your book will grow duller and duller.

Sir, — you may propheſy what you pleaſe; — you may tell, Sir, and foretell, Sir; — but, — though many of my friends begin to give out that I am growing dull, — I am the fartheſt from it of all the men in the world; — and that every impartial reader will be convinced of, who takes the trouble to compare this continuation with my firſt volumes,

——— *Demetri teque Tigelle*
Diſcipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

FROM a ſchool, I was ſent to a univerſity, and did not feel much regret at quitting ſchool, ——— as the reader may eaſily judge. — So, ——— 'tis probable, —— I ſhall not feel much regret at quitting the world neither, — ſince the world is a ſchool; — and, — ſince 'tis a ſchool of miſery, it may be quitted without regret. ——— That I deny, — and conſtant experience confirms, — that I am in the right in denying it; —— but, — not to dwell upon ſo diſmal a ſubject, ——— 'tis time to give the reader ſome information concerning the nature of an univerſity, and what happened to me at it.

An univerſity, then, — to a boy juſt come from ſchool, — is a new world as it were. — But then, it ſeems, — in many reſpects, — ſtrongly to reſemble the world he came from; —— inſomuch that if the other world be as like this world, the opinion of the great *Milton*, that things in heaven are liker things on earth than is generally thought, ſeems to ſtand in need of no farther confirmation.

To form a judgment of an univerſity from a ſingle *coup d'œil*, what a ſtrange world does it appear to be? — The ſpecies ſeems to be in a ſort of a maſquerade; — black gowns, black caps, white bands; — add to this the various different forms of caps and gowns, all which contain ſomething myſterious and ænigmatical, no doubt.

Depend

Depend upon it, Sir, there is more meaning in the hieroglyphics of *Egypt*, or in any of the ſymbols of antiquity, than in theſe typical garments. — Then the hoods, — ſure the hoods muſt contain ſome very profound meaning, — ſome alluſion, — and it would be worth the pains of ſome learned profeſſor to make a diſquiſition into the allegories couched under theſe various habits; — this I am ſure of, at leaſt, — that it would do as much good, — or, at leaſt, as little miſchief, as the famous controverſy *De veſtibus ſacerdotum*, which ſome centuries ago occaſioned ſo much ſerious debate.

I never could ſee an hundred head of *Ariſtotle*'s friends, drawn up in their ſeveral different habiliments, without making many ſerious reflections, though many

many of my fellow-ſtudents, — who did not enter ſo deeply into matters as I did, have been often tempted to laugh at the ſight. ——— But, to return, — for this is a digreſſion.

Before I could gain admittance into this excellent ſociety, a venerable profeſſor examined me in two of thoſe authors who are thought ſo generally uſeful, — becauſe they wrote in languages, which for many years paſt have ceaſed to be ſpoken. — This, undoubtedly, muſt be a very good reaſon; and if you deny it, Sir, I'll prove it by an *argumentum ad hominem.* ——— You'll grant me, that all men are equally intereſted in a language which no man ſpeaks; — now ſurely that muſt be the moſt uſeful language in which the greateſt number of men are intereſted.

To

To return from this ſecond digreſſion. —— I acquitted myſelf ſo much to the ſatisfaction of my examiner, that I was ſoon admitted a member of this learned body, — and ſo a new ſcene of things will ſoon be opened to the reader.

Perhaps he may, by this time, be inquiſitive to know which of the univerſities I was ſent to; — but I cannot gratify his curioſity yet a while, — and that for many important reaſons, *quas nunc praeſcribere longum eſſet.*

I had not been long in this ſeminary of learning, when I perceived that the members of it had a ſtrong reſemblance in manners and character to ſchool-boys; and, — indeed, — if the obſervation of the poet be juſt, — as I think it is, that

Men are but children of a larger growth,

'tis

'tis no wonder that ſtudents in colleges, — who are but one degree above ſchool boys, — ſhould not much ſurpaſs them in behaviour. — There ſeems, indeed, to be ſome foundation for the epithet given by a certain ſatyriſt to ſchools and colleges;

Thoſe reverend Bedlams, *colleges and ſchools.*

Nay, when I conſider ſome particulars of the conduct of ſchool-boys and *Freſhmen*, — I can't but think the inhabitants of the manſions at *Moorfields* have greater pretenſions to reaſon.

If any critick ſhould think this an extravagant aſſertion, — I will undertake to prove it to a demonſtration. — An inhabitant of *Bedlam*, for inſtance, thinks

thinks himſelf a king; —— and, — perhaps, — if all was known, — he may have as much power as a king: ——— a ſtudent in an univerſity thinks himſelf a profound reaſoner, becauſe he can run through the categories of *Ariſtotle*, — define the five prædicaments, ——— and make a ſyllogiſm in *Darii*, *Ferio*, or *Baralypton*.

Here, methinks, one of my female readers cries out with ſurprize, ——— *Darii*, — *Ferio*, — *Baralypton!* ——— Lord! is that *Hebrew?* ——— *Hebrew*, Madam! — No, nor *Greek* neither; — What language is it then? ——— Why faith, it is no language at all. — But then ſure it muſt have a meaning: — By no means, — logick is defined the art which teaches how to reaſon; —— now if the terms it makes uſe of had any

any meaning, it would ſcarce deſerve the name of art. ——— But it muſt be an extraordinary art indeed, when it teaches to reaſon by uſing terms which nobody knows what to make of.

So much for logick; —— from ſuch a digreſſion the tranſition is eaſy and natural to ſtudents and *Bedlamites*; —— let us continue the compariſon, — I'll anſwer for it, the parallel will hold. — Behold yon madman, who with a diſordered imagination, and heat-oppreſſed brain, thinks himſelf the cloud-compelling *Jove*, and imagines that his right hand directs the thunder. —— Is his phrenzy greater than that of the ſtudent who thinks that the word *attraction* is a key, ——— and that with it he can unlock all the ſecrets of nature? ——— *Ariſtotle*'s phyſicks and his occult qualities

lities are no longer in vogue; —— but I'll maintain it, that attraction is as unintelligible and as occult a quality as any of *Ariſtotle*'s, —— and that no one phœnomenon can be explained by it; —— that a *vacuum* is an empty notion which many years ago found a place in the empty ſkull of *Epicurus*, and has ſince been revived as a proper baſis for the *Newtonian* philoſophy.

Now every body muſt own, —— that a philoſophy founded upon a *vacuum*, is not founded upon a rock. —— Far from it;—a *vacuum*'s nothing, — and what's founded upon nothing cannot ſtand. — With all due reſpect to Sir *Iſaac Newton*, — muſt not he have a great deal of philoſophical faith, who can believe that the whole univerſe might be reduced to a ſquare foot of matter. —— *Deſcartes*'s

ſubtile matter and vortices have been long ſince exploded; — but, — as often happens upon other occaſions, — as bad hypotheſes have come in their place.

Was there ever ſuch a prophane and liberal cenſurer? — cries one critick; — Go over to *Germany*, and fight the *French*, — ſays another; — we ſhall reliſh you more in the ſoldier than the ſcholar, for the outſide of your ſkull ſeems to be much better than the lining. — Cenſure the immortal *Newton*, who unfolded all nature's ſecrets, and whom ſuperior beings have ſhewn as we mortals ſhew an ape! — This blockead of an author ſhews at once his ignorance and malice, — and well deſerves to meet the ſame fate which befel *Zoilus*, who wrote with ſuch ſpleen and bitterneſs againſt the renowned *Homer*.

What

What, Gentlemen! — Are you then for crucifying me? — If you muſt needs have recourſe to ſuch an *argumentum deducens ad incommodum*, — I'll retract before 'tis too late; — and ſo, — to ſatisfy you, and all philoſophers of the *Newtonian* ſect, — I here make my publick recantation, — and philoſophical confeſſion of faith.

I Do hereby declare, — to all whom it may concern, — That I believe Sir *Iſaac Newton* to have been infallible in philoſophy; — that *attraction* is the grand *arcanum* of nature, — and that it perfectly explains the motions of all the heavenly bodies, and all the phœnomena of nature. — I moreover admit, — without any reſtriction or limitation, — the whole *Newtonian* ſyſtem, — at the ſame time renouncing the *Ariſtotelian*, *Carteſian*,

Carteſian, &c. &c. &c. all which I look upon as abſurd, erroneous, and falſe.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Gentlemen, — if this declaration does not appear expreſs and ample enough — be ſo good as to draw up my philoſophical creed yourſelves; and I will ſign it with the implicit faith of an humble member of the *Newtonian* ſchool.

Thus have I abjured my philoſophical errors, — and ſo I may hope, — in time, — to be admitted of the Royal Society. — To attain this honour, — I muſt ſtrain the utmoſt reachings of my ſoul: — What a glory will it be to have *F. R. S.* after my name!

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The END.

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